









## PORTUNE-MAKERS.

There is a book yet to be written about England, which will be more valuable to the historian than any collection of State papers, or any number of biographies, and that is the history of the mutations of English property. It is astonishing how little attention has yet been paid to this chapter in the great narrative of English progress. The materials must exist in State grants, family histories, parish registers, muniment chests, and, above all, records of wills; but these are not collections of facts any more than they are found. Digging deep in county histories one picks up a few stray items, but the connected history of the property class is still to seek. Yet the surface of modern England is, to use a geological term, one vast deposit, the excretions of extinct tribes of fortune makers. For ages—and the fact is one of the many specialities of our island history—every generation or two has produced some new species of millionaire, some occupation or traffic, or source of gain, which enabled new men to build fortunes, and, dying, found families, or will away great estates. The Norman conquerors were the first, and of them we have some account, and of their successors, the continental adventurers, the gay and polished nobles of Southern France, who talked the land out of us the English people, we have some account, loved and petted, while the people cursed. But the first great mutation of property managed by civil expedients, the vast sales which preceded and accompanied the crusades, we have no account whatever. A third of England changed hands, and the puzzle is where the purchasers got the money from. Some can be traced as traders, goldsmiths, woolgrowers, and usurers, but we suspect the ecclesiastics found most of the funds. The wars of the Roses shifted lands from hand to hand, but did not very greatly change the class; and for the next mutation on a grand scale we must pass on to the conquest of the Mohammedan empires, from that, the story, and the death of Queen Anne. Court favour was the surest road to fortune. It was the only pursuit, indeed, which could in a few years raise an unknown man to the status of an English peer. If a man pleased Henry the Eighth, were it only as his fire-angel, he rose at once to wide possessions, and England owes much to the race founded by a lucky Court gossip of the kind. The Cecils are great peers to this day on the Dutch Elizabeth bestowed. William made his Dutch favourites the rivals of the greatest houses in Europe, and they continue such; and even statesmen not distinguished by such invidious largesses found that place implied also enormous wealth. These were only the great social states of the period, but far below these men in position were the lawyers, who from generation to generation nourished great lands and families. The woolstapler was probably the first, and bought much of the abbey lands. Then came the monopolist and the lawyer, Mompesson and Bacon, on a less notorious scale. The goldsmith, as he was called, or money-dealer, as we now call him, followed next, with interest at sixty per cent., and a habit—or report belied him—of local regnating. In the Parliamentary days great slices of property went to successful soldiers and London citizens, and then began with the Restoration the reign of the Turkey merchant. How a "fortune" could be made of the Levant trade, while so limited in extent, is inexplicable, but the profit of every venture would make a merchant of 1580 stare with envy, and seem incredible to the most prosperous monopolists of our own day, the dozen dictators of the China trade. With William commenced the loanmonger and the Nabob, but the reign of the latter was not really felt so early, though the Company declared dividends such as are now-madly only obtained from an Australian copra-mine or an Indian steam company. In the days of Queen Anne the army contractor was in his glory, paid by a dozen Governments, cheating all, and turning the proceeds into land. The loan-monger, too, flourished, and though only at first a cross between Rothschild and a pawnbroker, he was in the right scent, and founded houses. In the days of the first and second Georges enormous changes of property had occurred. The landowners touched nearly, though not quite, their lowest point of depression, while every other powerful class grew rich. The projects of that day were not all bubbles. The stockbroker accumulated, contractors for the State managed unheard-of jobs, and writers in laced coats railed at the sudden rise of all in trade, the City with pretty wives and bottomless purses. They were all, however, in popular imagination, overshadowed by the Nabobs, though the popular imagination was deceived. Nabobs were the Indians make their money, and so their rise was considered prodigious, but their wealth never came up to the popular idea. The largest sum ever taken out of India was probably Mr. Barlow's £900,000, the next, Clive's; and the next, either Verelst's or Vansittart's. Had the latter retained his lands, his successors would have been among the richest men of earth, one item in his property being about a third of Calcutta. The Indians, however, had no estates to keep up, confused property and income, had an insane thirst for position, and though reputed princes, they did not found many families—not half so many as the stockbrokers, who, up to the opening of the revolutionary war, were probably, *par excellence*, the fortune-makers. Then came the glory days, when every man who could make out a bill against the Government made a fortune when a contractor for the sea-casts, a mere carcase butcher, made three-quarters of a million, and founded a family, which has since its place in the highest rank of the united kingdom; and then, too, came the strangest episode in the position of a class ever recorded in our history. The peers became the wealthiest men in the land. We are so accustomed to them as such that we regard wealth and the peerage as naturally allied, yet it is certain that towards the end of the last century the peers were a pauperised class. The riot of three reigns, aided by some commercial causes, had done its work. A lord was, in public estimation, poor and proud. Satirists never wearied of contrasting the fat citizen with the pauper grandee. And merchants warned their daughters off adventures and lordlings as they would now warn their daughters to court counts and German barons. They still, however, retained their lands, mortgaged up to the hilt when the marvellous prosperity which succeeded 1803 suddenly overtook them. Rents rose to such figures which seemed fabulous, our population increased, the cities expanded over their fields, the increased growth of London poured gold into the laps of the owners of the soil, a passion for enterprise seized upon the class: they became miners, quarrymen, traders, engineers, patient and most acute agriculturists. The fifty years they had become the richest class down their numbers in Europe, and had lived down the outcry against them, till at this moment the highest idea great novelists can give us of wealth, power, and luxury combined, is the Lord Mornmouth or Lord Steyne. The

man produced also the great leasmonager, the man of whom Rothschild is accepted as a type, contractors like Ouvrard, who took Charles the Seventh of Spain as a partner—we mean literally as a registered partner, responsible for debts—and houses like the Hopes and Barings, who sent a lad to America to buy all the cotton in the world, mildly expoultated with an agent who purchased a small kingdom in Canada, and subsequently only scolded a partner, who first bought the whole territory round Mexico—the city—and then compelled the Legislature to annul his inconvenient bargain as injurious to the safety of the State. The contractor follows, but he brings us to the present day, when no single class can be pointed to as fairly favourite of fortune. The leasmonager is still powerful, and so is the leasmonager's bank, but bankers accumulate fortunes like those of the highest nobles, and a linen-draper left the other day cash which would purchase the fee-simple of the Woburn estates. The rate of fortunes has enormously increased. Pitt thought it useless to tax fortunes above a million, and now men die every day whose heirs chuckle over the saving produced by his want of foresight. A "plum" has ceased to be even a citizen's goal, and there are tradesmen in London whose incomes while in trade exceed a "great fortune" of the time of the second George. Very enormous realised fortunes, properties that are producing more than £50,000 a year, are, however, still very scarce. Only fifty-seven are returned to the English income tax, and though that is palpably erroneous account, it may be doubted if there are more than a hundred with that amount in the world. There are none in France and Italy beyond a few working capitalists, a few remaining in Germany, a considerable number in Russia, and perhaps thirty individuals in America. The Northern papers say there are fifteen capitalists who could pay for the war, but that is a democratic exaggeration. There are perhaps ten private incomes in India of that amount, as many in South America, and a few officials in the Eastern world accumulate very considerable sums, but there the list ends, and despite the enormous increase of wealth, and the depreciation of money as its representative, the man who possesses £50,000 a-year in security may still rank himself as belonging to the *crème de la crème* of the plutocracy of the world.—*Spectator*.

## MODERN GHOST REVIVAL

THAT this is an age of progress is not yet an article of faith, to dissent from which is heresy; but the belief that we are all going forward is so strong, it requires some courage to express a doubt on the matter. Not wishing to deny the fact that there is a general movement onward, we must recognise something equally evident, that as it "moves on," society is very fond of looking back; it breaks with the past very reluctantly, reverts to it very readily, and carries a good deal that is old with it in its advance. Is it from timidity and mistrust of the future before us, or from real respect for antiquity, that in so many things we prefer to stop and look behind us, rather than press on courageously? If we progress, it is in spite of many influences that do their best or worst to "chain us back." The van of the army is pushed forward, but its momentum is terribly hampered by the quantity of old baggage carried in the rear. There is a strong conviction that much of the lumber is useless, but we have not the heart to burn it and be rid of it. And the whole body is always ready to cry a halt, and get up a "revival." It is generally one of something that our ancestors wore out, and being thought dead, was buried. But while one-half of society is pushing on, utterly oblivious of what has passed out of sight, the other half gathers round some clique of relic-worshippers who have dug up the dry bones of an art or science, and are wasting on a "revival" the energies that, made in the opposite direction, might have led them to a creation.

A school of English painters exhumed the "pre-Raphaelite" artists, and trumpeted a great advance, when they went back for lessons to the time when art, having forgotten how to read, was again learning to spell. There is a "revival" of church architecture, because we have not the genius, or the courage, to strike out the new style that new conditions of society require. We are printing books in imitation of the typography of the 17th century; music is excavating and reviving the ancient composers, for want of new talent; what was to be the "music of the future," *par excellence*, being obstinately rejected by the present; and medicine is returning to that most primitive stage of the science when mankind were killed or cured without physic, from the mere lack of drugs and chemicals wherewith to save or slay. But of all sciences, perhaps astronomy exhibits the most curious combination of the triumphs of pure intellect at one end of the scale, with the most grovelling superstition at the other: while it points out, by calculation, the exact place of a new planet, which in due time "swims into our ken," the pseudo-science of astrology not only co-exists with it, but seems to flourish, having still its practitioners, its periodicals, and its almanacs. Here, in London, you may have your nativity cast, and your horoscope drawn, as methodically as in the days of Lily or Dr. Dee. Putting together several modern developments, we may fairly ask if the age is as far advanced, or progressing so rapidly, as we have all agreed to take for granted.

We have our doubts; what is called enlightenment appears to do its work in patches, leaving whole masses on the level, in comparative darkness, and many who stand on much higher points of social position in a very vague twilight. And in that "clear obscure," or half shadow, they display some of the old owl-like aversion to sunshine. If the rattle of the steam-engine would permit them fairly to sleep, they would willingly "dream dreams, and see visions," of the kind that bewildered and stupefied the world in the dark ages. To what other cause can we ascribe that decided "revival" of the "ghostly" in recent periodical literature? We do not mean Spiritualism, and all its rappings and table turning, but in the resuscitation of the real old "ghost," slightly modified, and put into modern dress. There is a "rehabilitation" of the ancient specter in several of our most popular series, indicating either a diseased taste in their conductors, or a great fund of latent superstition in the public to whom they are addressed. It is a singular symptom that these ghost stories, requiring much mental degradation to tolerate them, form a feature not in the works that circulate among the lowest class of readers, but in those patronized by a much higher section of the community.

The greatest offenders in this way against common sense and good taste are the journals of what professes to be a purer literature—"All the Year Round," "Once a Week," and "Temple Bar." They discard the tales that deal with felonious baronets, and licentious dukes, trapdoors, abductions, forged wills, and the intimate relations the peerage has estab-

blished with burglars; they eschew the stories the *Times* described as having " Lust for their alpha and murder for their omega." But in estimating the kind and degree of demoralisation that may be effected by popular literature, it would be difficult to say which is the worst kind of tale, that of vulgar passion or of refined superstition. The first is a very coarse food certainly; but the other is an insidious poison.

We are not bunting the modern ghost through the files of these periodicals, and of its several appearances, we speak from memory. But a ghost it is in *optima forma*. We thought the whole race had been finally laid in the Red Sea; but perhaps the bungling operation of sinking the submarine cable there has stirred their repose. At all events, there is a "here we are again" from a whole tribe of spectres. All that is changed in them is a complete acceptance of fashionable costume, and the assumption of the best drawing-room manners. They scorn to wear shrouds, or walk in their grave clothes; they do not show incised wounds, or mutilated limbs; they are not the last tidings of the dead; they do not shake chains when they come, or leave a suspicious smell behind them when they vanish. And they keep earlier hours than the old "won't go home till morning" ghost. They dine, go to the theatre, and travel by first-class carriages, having taken to that comparatively slow mode of conveyance. And the reader will doubtless have noted that no modern ghost has ever condescended to a parliamentary train or a third-class carriage. They are spectres of position and means; they dine and take their claret in a ladylike or gentlemanly manner, as the sex may be, but only in town or country mansions; you never catch them feeding at Simpson's; nor do we remember that any spectre has yet criticised his chop at a club. But we have no doubt the Carlton will soon have to blackball some ghost of pushing and intrusive disposition.

It is only on a review of the trash of this kind that has appeared within the past year or two that its full absurdity—we may add, mischief—appears. What is its purpose? We protest against the ghost at the dinner-table and in the opera-box. It is becoming a nuisance, and a very stupid one. When the spectre was hideous, and a creation of ignorance and perfect belief, it had an element of terror.

The modern ghost is either a literary affectation, to cover want of invention; or a weak, puerile, half-belief in the supernatural, cropping out in a literary hypocrisy. The writers of these tales do not believe in their machinery themselves, and are, so far, self degraded into public impostors. This yielding with a horrible superstition to a criminal method of catching attention, while the rest of the world is the reverse of amusing. More than half the readers of popular journals are young and half-formed minds. What is the impression they are likely to derive from the story of the lady's ghost that always appears in the railway carriage before a catastrophe? or the other ghost that sat in a box at

Drury Lane? or the cluster of ghosts in the Four Stories, in "All the Year Round?" or the last tale of ghostly trash, by "Mr. H." in the same journal. The *specimen* that would have been a portrait taken, and crossed country by rail, and paired with a family party, and carried a leaf from the "Book of Beauty" to London? The minds that such rubbishish devices could produce, it must disgust. We implore Mr. Dickens to drop his "H.," and put a bar on this detestable modern ghost, as far as his editorial power extends. The "thick and slab" story of "Love and Murder," concocted for the craving of a different taste, is not so mischievous. The authors bring a fair percentage of their characters to the gallows or the hulks. To the modern ghost story no antidote is offered. It is a mere stimulus to mental disease.

Along with this revival of the "Ghost" in literature, there is a return to the ghastly in art. The illustrations of *Once a Week* are singularly cadaverous; they abound in corpses of all ranks and ages; dead warriors; dead maidens; death-beds are frequent. It is Mr. Millais, we think, who cultivates these effects. It is like a surgeon seeking skill by practising on the dead subject?—Is there a fear, that John Leach's sketches from the living will amuse the public too much? Or does one periodical provide the bodies, and the other appropriate their ghosts? Between them our light literature is taking a very dissecting-room and churchyard character.

The literary "ghost" occasionally puts forth a sort of claim to consideration that it may be something on the verge of an unexplored domain of science; it is next of kin to those things that bewilder grammar, and upset the wafers. Now, this spectre can ask them in favour, let science do its good turn, optics and chemistry catch up with modern ghost and photograph it! Can fix the tails of comets and the atmosphere of the sun; the other day a photographer, at Berlin, caught a stream of electric light, flowing out of the bronze spear of Kios's Amazon. A ghost, can hardly be less material, if it wears crinoline, is helped twice to beef, drinks claret, and wants a portrait taken. The photographer's glass is no delusions, has no brains to be diseased, and is used in testimony. We will believe even in the modern ghost if it can be fixed on paper. And it can, as we saw in Claude's or Mayall's if it can go to the theatre?—*London Review*, October 26.

**OUR FIRST ENGLISH REGATTA.**

**OUR FIRST ENGLISH REGATTA.**

tr is August,—Parliament is up,—battles, murders, and sudden deaths do not suit their dog-days,—It takes all the graphic powers of art to excite an interest in the mad doings of our countrymen, and we turn away with pleasure from the columns in which the word "America" appears in large letters associated with all the horrors of a fratricidal war, to where we see the same four syllables in humbler guise under the heading of "Intelligence from Coowee," and learn that the far-famed schooner of that name has sailed, and lost, a match with the Alarm. There is something refreshing in the very thought of a regatta at this hot season, and though the unequal distribution of Fortune's favours may not allow us to sail our own yachts, we can at least derive enjoyment from inhaling the invigorating breeze of old Oowee, and looking upon the shore we watch with dreamy interest the sport which is made for us by those who do.

An ocean separates us from anarchy and bloodshed; in the face of this glorious summer sun-sea-girded England, clad in her golden robes of harvest, looks up and smiles. Let us too look up with thankfulness and joy, for many and great are the blessings which surround us, and, in the midst of peace and plenty, gratitude is due to Him who is the giver of all good gifts.

Such were our thoughts a few days since, as seated upon the shores of the Solent, a signal gun from the yacht club battery at Cowes announced to those deeply interested in the race that the Arrow had gained possession of the water.

Opprey and Brunette. The scene was one of surpassing levelness at the moment; sea, land, and sky seemed to borrow beauty from each other; the waters of the Solent teemed with life, and his yacht followed yacht, with white sails standing out in bold relief against the shores, it required but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine how naturally such a sight, seen for the first time, would inspire the spectator with feelings of indescribable awe, such as was felt by the "winged monster" of Columbus gliding mysteriously towards them, over their ill, their lonely seas, and bearing, as they fondly believed, beings belonging to a heaven-born race. Ah! could they have but foreseen the degradation, bitterness, and woe which was to follow in the train of those they thus welcomed—the bearers of that sacred cross which was to typify the sacrifice of One who came down from on high to proclaim peace on earth and goodwill toward men, how changed had been the scene depicted by the poet!

"Nymphs of romance,  
Yeuth graceful as the fawn, with eager glance,  
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys creep,  
Their reding robes bounding from steep to steep,  
And clasp the hands, and hail as they run,  
Come and behold the children of the sun!"

But whilst Ocean remains the same, how great  
the change in all she bears upon her bosom. Man  
no longer fears her darkest frown; science has  
bid him conquer, and through her aid nor storm  
nor calm can turn him from his course. Where  
it will end we know not. We marvel at the  
present, but what marvels follow there not be in  
store for those who follow after?

But what has all this to do with a regatta?—more than would at first appear; for what we have just written is nothing less than the excavation of the dock in which the keel of the structure we are about to build is to be laid, and it is thy ignorance, O reader, or thy impatience which thus perverts thy judgment, and prevents thy being cognizant of so grave a fact.

Be thankful that in these preliminary remarks, we have not, as some writers do, made the beginning of the world our starting point. We have but gone back to Columbus, and how were it possible for us to omit a reference to the great Genoese navigator, when the ocean and America were in our thoughts. Subjects, these, which naturally associate themselves with the matter we have in hand, for on the 19th April, 1775, there was fighting in America. At Lexington the first blood was spilt in the great contest which was to deprive Great Britain of the largest portion of her Empire in the largest Western world; and on the 23rd of June, in the same year, whilst Great Britain's soldiers, in tight spatterdashes and cocked hats, with hair powdered and "albermarled" in accordance with the regulations of the military martinet, were struggling under Gage against the undisciplined, unpowdered levies of the "Confederate States," all the good citizens of London, headed by the "beau ton" of those former corrupt old days, were swarming the banks of Father Thames to see the first regatta.

"The first entertainment of the kind in England," says the Annual Register of that date; and from the same authority we learn that it "was borrowed from the Venetians, and exhibited partly on the Thames, and partly at Ranelagh."

Novelties in the year 1775 did not succeed each other quite so quickly as in these more favoured times; the want of something new was consequently more deeply felt. The appetite for amusements was not one whit less sharp, but though it could be satisfied with simpler fare, the palate of the public sometimes required to be stimulated; and so it was that some ingenious caterer for the public wants bethought himself of this new sport from Venice, and in proof of his discernment, on the 23rd June, 1775, all the eight-sewing world of London were to be found standing on the very tip-toe of expectation to see this great regatta.

The 23rd was on a Friday. The bells of St. Mark ushered in the morning of the long-looked-for show with a merry peal, whilst later in the day St. Margaret's rang out her happiest chiming. On the river all was bustle and confusion. Barges—belonging to the different companies and pleasure-boats—were moving up and fro. Flags and gay streamers fluttered in the breeze. From London bridge to Millbank was one moving mass of boats and barges; the splendour of the scene increasing as we moved towards Westminster, where prominent amongst other striking objects was a river barge, "filled with the finest ladies in the world—about 100 elegant ladies."

\* Above 1200 flags were flying before four o'clock, and such was the impatience of the public, that scores of barges were filled at that time,\* though half-a-guinea was asked for a seat in one of them. Scaffolds were erected in the barges, on the banks of the river, and even on the top of Westminster Hall; all of which were crowded with spectators. The bridges were covered with crowds in carriages and on foot, men even placing themselves in the bodies of the lamp irons. Before six o'clock it was a perfect fair on both sides of the water, and — we are told — bad liquor with short measure was plentifully retailed, whilst in order that there should be no lack of additional excitement for those who might require it, the avenues leading to Westminster bridge were covered with gaming tables.

Six o'clock and no regatta! The impatient public must have pricked their ears when from under the arches of the bridge at Westminster, they heard the sound of "drums, fifes, horns, trumpets, &c." This was followed by a round of cannon from a platform before the Duke of Richmond, "who, with his grace of Montague, and the Earl of Pembroke, had splendid companies on the occasion."

At half-past seven there is a stir upon the river; and my Lord Mayor's barge sweeping down in great state, twenty-one cannon are fired as a salute; and then, just before the Lord Mayor's barge reached the bridge, to which it had made a circle, "*the water boats*" started, on the signal of firing a single piece of cannon." They are said to have been absent some fifty minutes, and "on their return the whole procession moved with a picturesque irregularity towards Ranelagh." We hear no more of these "*water boats*;" it is evident that the interest of those who came to see the show was not centered in them, and we can but exclaim with all true lovers of aquatics, "O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

But all the world has moved up the river, the Thames has become a floating town, everything—from a "dung-barge to a wherry"—is in motion; let us on to Raneiaigh!

We land with the company on the stairs at nine o'clock, and share their disappointment when, on proceeding to join the assembly which has come by land in the Temple of Neptune, we find that the Ocean God, wrathful perhaps at his musicians having been attired in "rylan suits," has thrown

temple is not yet swept out or even ready— that we have to defer our intended collision till after supper. This takes place at half-past ten, in the Motonde, where, whilst we refresh ourselves at one of three circular tables of different elevations, elegant waiters circulate, offering us "champagne" and "cognac" and "not sufficiently mixed" and "in imitation of which" style may be seen in the dinners *à la Russe* of the present day, our ears are regaled by an orchestra of 240 performers, "in which are included some of the first masters," led by Giardini. But though a spell of enchantment is cast around us by the bewitching singing of "Messrs. Vernon, Reinhold, &c.," the appearance of the orchestra has in itself a lugubrious effect, "for its illumination has been unfortunately overlooked."

Supper being over, we withdraw to the Temple of Neptune, and though we have very great personages amongst us, for there are the Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, the Duke of Northumberland, Lords North, Harrington, Stanley, Tyrconnel, and Lincoln, with their respective ladies; also Lords Lyttelton, Coleraine, Carlisle, Marchmont, Melbourne, Cholmondeley, Petersham, &c., and the French, Spanish, Russian, and Prussian Ambassadors,—we dance minuets and cotillions without regard to precedence, till a late hour.

The weather is not favourable to out-door amusements, so that the bridges and palm-trees which were erected in the gardens are lost upon us, and the illuminations with which they were to have been accompanied are not exhibited; so we dance on till we are thoroughly tired, and then home, well pleased, though somewhat puzzled, with our first regatta.

2 As we walk homeward we hear a lusty voice  
chanting one of the eleven verses of the ballad  
composed in honour of the occasion, and which  
had brought down thunders of applause in the  
Rotunda :

Enough of festives, champêtres enough,  
Bal-parades, and frescos, and such worn-out stuff,  
But how to amuse ye? Ay, there was the question.  
A regatta was thought of—oh, lucky suggestion!  
Derry down.

The refrain is taken up by numberless voices in a variety of keys, and, if there be want of harmony, it is not because our own voices remain silent.

— Once a Week. G. G. A.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON ON  
AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

At the latter end of September, Sir F. B. Lytton attended a meeting of the Herts Agricultural Society at Haverham. When the show of stock and produce was over, a dinner was given by the society, and Sir F. B. Lytton presided over by Mr. C. W. Giles Palace. In replying to "the health of the county members," Sir F. B. Lytton incidentally made the following remarks with reference to the present state of matters in the East of England:

Gentlemen,—Since I last addressed you in our annual meetings great changes have passed over the Old World and the New. Let me entreat you permission to speak of those changes. I can do so with confidence, because I have seen the changes, and whatever affects the civilised races, from the other side of the channel to the shores of the Atlantic, must have an interest for England; and whatever interests England must interest not only the British Empire, but the capital of the world, in whom all the interests of industry attach to the safety and welfare of the land. Great changes have come over Europe. When I was a young man there were but two great powers, the empires of petty States, in which the friends of order were the puppets of Austria, and in which the friends of liberty seemed wild conspirators who could use no other weapon against tyrants but the dagger of the assassin. Great changes have come over the European nation, a constitutional monarchy; the tyrant is gone, and let us hope that the assassin is disarmed. Like the enchanted prince in the old story books, he has thrown into a deep slumber till the day when the walls that surround him shall fall down, and the chains of her destined deliverer, Italy have risen out from the

sleep of ages restored to the bloom, but exposed also  
 to the passions and struggles of youth. Heaven  
 guards the youth of Italy, and Italy is the Italy of  
 England that Italy should enter into the great  
 community of constitutional nations. Foreigners  
 misunderstand the foreign policy of Italy. They  
 wish to explain what it is. England is a  
 free nation, and it is therefore a constitutional  
 opinion; the popular opinion of a free State goes  
 with the free. England is a commercial and a man-  
 ufacturing nation. It is the interest of England that  
 the commerce of the world should be free, and  
 prosperity should be established everywhere, because  
 it is only in good governments that the interchange of  
 her commerce is secure, and in proportion as the  
 world's prosperity increases, so will England's. With-  
 in the limits of our English jurisdiction, we have  
 no interest in tyrannies, when all progress is  
 arrested. We have no interest in revolutions, when  
 all property is insecure. But we have an interest in  
 the maintenance of the rights of man, and we  
 adopt that temperate form of constitutional free-  
 dom which our own experience has proved to be  
 the best for the development of human  
 nature, and if that freedom we must secure, we  
 will seek it, and it is because every people which  
 would naturally become our ally through the sym-  
 pathy of freedom, and our customers through the  
 commercial property which is the usual result of  
 political freedom, that we have no objection that  
 we would condescend to reflect, they will find the true  
 key to the foreign policy of England. We have an  
 interest in the regeneration of Italy. We have al-  
 ready certainly not less, in the success of the  
 great experiment.  
 The haughty representative of hereditary despotism in  
 the ranks—still, unhappily, few—of constitutional  
 monarchies. No politician worthy the name of  
 Englishman could ever have sullied his eyes with  
 the map of Europe, but to find that Italy was  
 of immense importance to freedom and to England  
 of establishing, midway between Russia and France,  
 Italy between the two great military and  
 absolute empires of Europe, could not be aware  
 of immense resources both in territory and in popu-  
 lation; resources that have utterly failed to Austria  
 while her Government was despotic, but which may  
 be the basis of our system, if we are preserved, under  
 our system, precisely analogous to our own.  
 Lords, and Commons, with Ministers and representa-  
 tives responsible to the people, and criticised by  
 a free and independent press, would be the basis  
 of England; such is now the Constitution of Austria.  
 But whatever interest we may have in the prosper-  
 ity and freedom of other nations is seldom an inter-  
 est without self-interest interference. Some of us may  
 doubt whether Sardinia is not more to be  
 honourable in her annexation of Naples. Some  
 of us may doubt whether Hungary or Austria be right  
 in the dispute between them; but no English-  
 man can doubt that Austria is right, and that  
 there are questions which Italy and Austria should  
 settle for themselves. And when I said that I could  
 touch upon these questions without provoking par-  
 tiality, I meant, because on the grand principle that  
 we should refrain from interfering in the disputes  
 where the direct and immediate safety and honour

[illegible][illegible]

THE ORPHANS: A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—It is not frequently that the Paris police courts exhibit remarkable instances of heroism in common life, or that such cases are of a nature to relieve the monotony of the proceedings. The case of the two little girls, Lucile and Joyeux, who were charged with the murder of Roydat occurs in this respect as a notable exception to the rule. The latter is a peculiarly interesting example of the struggles of a Parisian child, so common that the phenomenon of a President with tearful eyes was a rare occurrence. "I am, Monsieur," said Joyeux, "the child of a Parisian, a *couteuriere*, but they are dead, and I don't know if I have any grown-up relations or not. I have only one brother, but Jacques is very little, and he does not know the law. I must go to my school, Monsieur, "he being a child, I must, I am sorry to say, condemn you. The little girl on hearing this began to sob and cry out, "Poor Jacques! poor Jacques! what can I do? I am poor, I am poor," interrupted by a childish voice calling to her, "Here I am, Monsieur, and don't be afraid." The speaker, an intelligent-looking little fellow in a groom's dress, advancing towards the bar cried out in an imploring tone, "I beg pardon, Monsieur, I am M. le President, and don't pass sentence on Lucile, who never in her life did a wrong thing till to-day. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, I will be your father, forgive me; for I am able to take care of her." "Twelve," said Jacques; while Lucile cried, "Oh, how good you are; I thought I was alone." My child," said the magistrate, "I shall tell you all in good time. But I must first give you must first give me an explanation about both her and yourself." "Oh, if that's all, I can do it at once. When my father and mother died of fever, we were left without anything, and seeing Lucile young and helpless, I said to myself, 'I will go and find work and earn money to send her to school. I apprenticed myself to a brushmaker, and every day gave my sister the half of what they gave me to eat; in the evening I went to school, and made up my sleep in my bed, while I wrapt myself up in a blue and a rug, and slept on the floor till she got up before daybreak to go away. The poor child is going, and I must not have had enough to eat. One day I begged to go to school, and I was hired to mind horses, and have now enough of wages to give her plenty. If you are not willing to mind what I say, my employer can beat me one day, and treat me as he pleases." "You are not called," said the President, "with emotion as you are saying: 'Your conduct is admirable! I am glad, and God will bless you for it. To-morrow you can come and take your sister.' Lucile listened all the while, as if she were in a agony of suspense, and when her brother had done, she said, "I am glad, Monsieur, you, kind, good Jacques, come back early." The two children then embraced each other; and Jacques, after having gained his point, giving way to a revulsion of feeling, for the first time of sobbing, saying several times, "How good is God. He has given me back my poor lost little sister." —*Galignani*.

[illegible]



















From the Cornhill.)

But the mainland of North America can show more than this. Not only are there great numbers of free blacks in the United States who live by the work of their own hands, but in many cases they have contrived to accumulate property, to possess a farm, a store, or a coasting vessel, and to give their children as high an education as white parents will permit. Even in Canada, in the rigorous climate of the Great Lakes, the villages of fugitive slaves that have settled themselves in that cold land of Gooshen, manage to gain a livelihood. Unfit as the deep snows and long frosts may appear for the well-being of the African race, these poor people plant their potatoes and

One African trait has puzzled many who have known the black man well, and been fond of him, and scorned over him; and that is, the cruelty to the master. In the islands and on the coast, a negro groom, a negro jockey, would provoke the temper of Jib by a thousand acts of neglect, recklessness, or abuse of the beasts in their charge. The master's cry is now heard in the islands and on the coast, "that white dog has bit my nigger." And yet, while Argus could not prevent the wild galleons about the coast by night, the merciless spurrings and floggings, and the other peccadilloes of the tribes, he could not prevent the children from growing up ignorant. Children are cruel, schoolboys are cruel, and untaught or enslaved nations are uniformly wanton in the infliction of pain, and callous as the stones of the wall. It is a sad thing to tell that knowledge is a sester of the heart, and of the manners which should be the heart's looking-glass.

One more negro peculiarity appears really to be a disease of the mind, and different from the dealings of the white with the white man. Towards the white they have indeed a strange feeling so artfully compounded of respect, dislike, and what may be classed as an affectionate antipathy. You ever see a dog watching the eye of a hard master, fawning, timid, eager to obey before an order is given, and yet with an odd sort of lurking rebellion, a smothered, suspicious jealousy? The negro appears to have no consciousness at all where the white man is concerned, but

Cross-examined: Miss Rogers was the only one present at the marriage between Leckie and Jeweller, 65, Chesapeake. I have known the prisoner for many years. I believe the lady in court is Mrs. Loader. I only know her by the prisoner introducing her to me as Mrs. Loader. She has been in the prison since the 12th of June. She was sum of \$25. I made an arrangement two years ago for him to pay that sum, and I have since paid up to the day before he was apprehended on this charge, expecting that he would repay it to me. Some time since, Emily Burgess, gave her \$5 on condition that the would never go into court against Mr. Loader, or trouble him in any way. He has since repaid me by instalments. I believe she has never been in the prison since. I am not a very big fellow. Mr. Loader was not aware that I was going to do so. The 12s. a-week I paid to Mrs. Loader was under an arrangement she made with him. I admit that he knew beforehand I was going to pay the 12s. a-week under that arrangement, but that he was his wife, I knew there were differences between them, for they came to my shop twice to arrange those differences. I paid Emily Burgess \$5

**PAT'S ROLAND FOR BROUGHAM'S OLIVER.**—There are many anecdotes concerning Lord Brougham, current in Dublin, but the following may, we believe, be relied upon as authentic. During the meeting of the Social Science Association he was particularly sharp from time to time with one of the secretaries, and

activity, was tossed up and down from the top to the bottom of the stomach, just as a billiard ball might be thrown from the top to the bottom of a pocket. This process went on for hours, the balls gradually diminishing in size, till at last it was lost in the general mass with which the stomach was filled.

(From the Government Gazette, 31st December, 1861.)  
THE following regulations (transmitted by the Secy.

EXAMINATIONS FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF

REGULATIONS.

1. In June or July, 1862, an examination of candi-

Six lines .. .. . Three shillings.  
Right lines .. .. . Four shillings.  
And 3d. (three pence) per line for every additional line for  
\* \* All advertisements under six lines will be charged  
2s. to advertiser's account, if booked.  
Births, Deaths, and Marriages 3s. each insertion.  
N.B.—Advertisers in the country can remit payment by  
postage stamps.

---

STREET—Printed and published by JOHN FAIRBairn and Sons,  
at the Office of the *Edinburgh Herald*, No. 11, Fish and Market  
streets, Thursday, January 2nd, 1863

"The number of appointments to be made in each *Presidency* will be announced hereafter.

"Candidates for candidates are at liberty to name at their pleasure, any or all of those branches of knowledge (subject only to the restriction of not being named as to Natural Science), and that no subjects are *obligatory*.

---

**NEW SOUTH WALES WINES.**—Purchased in any quantities, by G. S. LEATHES and Co., Sydney.

---

**SYDNEY MORNING HERALD AND SYDNEY MAIL.**

Advertisements received by—

E. Ford, news agent, 348, George-street.

W. B. Lee, Lower George-street.

T. Palmer (Late T. Lane), Brickfield-hill.

F. Lister, Constitution House, Sydney.

Joe. Hunt, Steam Ferry, Balmain.

R. Hannyey, grocer, Balmain.

Charles Kibby, stationer, Balmain.

---

**SYDNEY MORNING HERALD.**

Subscription, 20s. per quarter.

CASH TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One line	One shilling.
Two lines	" "
Four lines	" "
One column	Two shillings.

Six lines .. .. . Three shillings.  
Right lines .. .. . Four shillings.  
And 3d. (three pence) per line for every additional line for  
\* \* All advertisements under six lines will be charged  
2s. to advertiser's account, if booked.  
Births, Deaths, and Marriages 3s. each insertion.  
N.B.—Advertisers in the country can remit payment by  
postage stamps.

---

STREET—Printed and published by JOHN FAIRBairn and Sons,  
at the Office of the *Edinburgh Herald*, No. 11, Fish and Market  
streets, Thursday, January 2nd, 1863